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First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials

—Advertisements—

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Our Stake in Reparations

Developments in the Senate have shown that there is practically no opposition to the peace terms imposed on Germany. Hostility to the treaty proper centres on the Shantung provisions, which impose terms not on Germany but on China, one of the Allies. The covenant of the league of nations doesn't directly concern Germany. It is objected to because of the conditions which it imposes on the United States.

The articles of the treaty meting out penalties to Germany, if they could be voted on alone, would be approved by the Senate without a division. The United States is ready to consent to them. Germany is preparing to work out her sentence under them. But she cannot go far in that direction until a reparations commission is appointed.

The United States ought to have a representative on that commission. The public here would undoubtedly view the appointment of an American reparations commissioner, to serve provisionally, as a matter of mere routine, properly within the discretion of the President. The technical objection has been made that no American appointments to commissions or boards which are to supervise the execution of the German terms are permissible until the treaty as a whole has been ratified by the United States. But that is a merely formal prohibition. Acting commissioners, with limited or temporary functions, could be named by the President on his own initiative without doing much violence to the conventions. It is understood that Colonel House has been informally coöperating for some time past in organizing the machinery of the projected league of nations, although the creation of such an organism still awaits the approval of the Senate.

Whatever happens to the covenant will hardly affect the body of the treaty dealing with Germany. The treaty will go into effect, so far as Germany and the Allies are concerned, when two more of the major Allied powers have ratified it. The reparations commission has no connection with the league. It will handle problems involving the economic and commercial interests of the United States. We ought to have a voice in its decisions. And an appointment made now would be of much greater value in safeguarding our material interests than one made many months hence, after the disputed portions of the treaty have been passed on by the Senate.

Work in the Vineyard

The *Globe* is fearful lest this country may dishonor our heroic deed, "who gave their lives in the hope, now in danger of being lost [italics are ours], that this would be the last of such wars."

Let our neighbor refresh its spirit and compose its apprehensions. There is a better chance now than three or six months ago of getting a league of peace. With the general acceptance of the reservation principle, with which it appears *The Globe* is now in accord, the covenant promises to be ratified, thus saving what is good in it. If at the same time there is created a League of Three to give the rather astral soul of the covenant a body with which to function, the result should satisfy the aspirations of mankind. To these ends real believers in the principle of "never again" should labor, desisting the while from all attempts to make counterfeits pose for true bills.

The peace treaty and the covenant (with safeguarding reservations) and the energy-applying alliance of the Three would doubtless by this time be ratified if at Paris and here effort had not been worse than wasted in attempts to jam through a programme which in many ways was childish, in others not contributive to the purpose pretended to be sought, and which it was early foreseen could not secure indorsement, and which, if it had, would have had a most limited usefulness—would have been a motor without a carburetor, or without gasoline in its tanks, or without even a tank.

The duty now before us is to hitch power to the covenant, and this can be done, and only be done, under existing circumstances, by adhering to the League of Three, which ought to be a League of Five, and which in the end, as fast as confidence develops, should be a League of Forty. The inert covenant machinery, if its devisers show themselves susceptible of education and are willing to cease from folly, may be regarded as reasonably safe. Propaganda zeal should not devote itself to getting something

that will move the piston and revolve the wheels. The man who does not see this may scarcely qualify as a real peace leaguer. He may be sincere, but is woefully lacking in faculties of perception and should devote a few hours to reflection and to taking an account of his ideas. The Tribune has been laboring for some months at getting a league of peace, and gladly welcomes its neighbor if it purposes to become a worker in the vineyard.

The French Elections

France will elect a new Chamber of Deputies next October. The new body will reflect the reactions in political life which the war has caused. It will be a vastly different assembly from the one which in August, 1914, was forced suddenly to accept responsibility for the conduct of the war.

The present Chamber was elected on peace issues. It was strongly Socialistic in tendency and inclined toward pacifism. The German peril compelled all factions to drop their differences and unite to save the nation. The "sacred union" of parties was formed and remained effective during the greater part of the struggle. There was a lapse into weakness and factionalism in the dark year of 1917. But Clemenceau's accession to power restored unity and vigor.

Since the armistice the impulse to unity has been undermined. The Clemenceau ministry has many foes, open and hidden. Possibly only the pressure of public opinion has kept the Chamber from voting out the present government. The notice of a general election two months hence may now delay a reorganization of the Cabinet.

French party alignments are difficult to follow. A bloc composed of the more moderate elements is now in control. But whether the war has made the French electorate more moderate or more radical remains to be seen.

France is to go back, apparently, to the system of large electoral districts, abandoned in a hurry in 1889 in the hope of checking the Boulangist movement. Each Deputy now represents a small constituency—one much smaller than an American Congress district. The existing system of apportionment goes under the name of *scrutin d'arrondissement*. The system to be readopted is called the *scrutin de liste*. Large electoral districts are to be created, with many Deputies to be chosen on a general ticket, after the manner in which our Presidential electors are chosen. The French Parliament has been working for some months on the details of the election law. The advocates of a change believe that representation by large districts will attract nominees of better calibre than the present parochial system does.

France, like every other European country, is going through a period of political unrest and transformation. But an expression of the popular will is unimpeded. And power is concentrated to a high degree in the popular branch of the legislature. The election, coming nearly a year after the armistice, will demonstrate strikingly what political ideas govern France, after her great victory and her terrible national trial.

Tinkering an Anthem

Meddling with a national anthem is a difficult business, and England has approached "God Save the King" with a duly tentative and hesitating hand. Criticism of the old song (that Henry Carey probably did not, after all, write) has been frequent of late years. It culminated in a new version sung recently for the first time at a thanksgiving service in St. Paul's attended by the King and Queen. The original first verse has been preserved; for the other two, substitutes have been written "with his majesty's approval." The name of the author is not given. The "tentative" revision runs thus:

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King!

One realm of races four,
Blest more and ever more,
God save our land!
Home of the brave and free,
Set in the silver sea,
True nurse of chivalry,
God save our land!

Kinsfolk in love and birth
From utmost ends of earth,
God save us all!
Bid strife and hatred cease,
Bid hope and joy increase,
Spread universal peace,
God save us all!

It will be seen that the scattering of the King's enemies, together with the lines touching politics and knavish tricks, have been abandoned in favor of the empire and its seaward look. As for the new last verse, the most that can be said of it is that it is not much weaker than the original. There is sense in this comment of "The London Times" upon the whole project:

"The anthem—for it is now almost worthy of that name—is at length perhaps more in accordance with the refinement of an age remarkable for its avoidance of vivid colors and loud language. But it is to be noticed that there is in it less about the King and more about ourselves, and even the natural scenery of our domicile, than before; and our taste and sense of congruity will have ultimately to decide whether this mixture of motives is calculated to make the same direct appeal as the former single one. There is still much to be said in favor of the old form, which made the King, in this song, as in more solemn supplication, stand for his people.

"For our part, we have never understood the supposed popular discontent with the historic version, and while complimenting

the latest reviser on the tact and gentility of his effort, we still retain a preference for the hearty, if ruder, original."

There can be an emotional quality to a hymn in praise of the "people." Our own "America" has much to be said for it on this score. There is an admirable modern hymn, "Lord, Save Thy People," more stirring and more outspoken. But the revised version of the British hymnal seems an unfortunate mingling of two conceptions. It begins with the King as head and symbol of the state; and then switches to the land itself. The original hymn had the clear merit of sticking to one point of view and gaining all the force that comes from an outspoken unity.

The moral is strong that a national anthem is a good thing to leave alone. Its anachronisms become harmless through lapse of time; its overtones of patriotic emotion grow with the years.

A German Grace

Time was when the hosts of German clergymen, anointed ministers of Gott, were mobilized to do duty in the intellectual poison gas department of the imperial German army. Theirs was the task to make the German people forget the Nazarene teachings, to keep the flames of bloodthirst burning and to administer communions of hatred. There was the celebrated Pastor Vorwerk whose paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer holds easily the world record for blasphemy through the ages:

"Though the warrior's bread be scanty, do Thou work daily death and tenfold we unto the enemy. Forgive in merciful long-suffering each bullet and each blow which misses its mark. Lead us not into the temptation of letting our wrath be too tame in carrying out Thy divine judgment. Deliver us and our ally from the infernal enemy and his servants on earth. Thine is the kingdom, the German land; may we, by aid of Thy steel-clad hand, achieve the power and the glory."

But where are the snows of yesterday? On November 11, 1918, Gott was demobilized. His lieutenant on earth is to-day saving firewood at Amerongen, and Pastor Vorwerk and his colleagues are probably pretending to the best of their ability that they never said a word. And in the stead of the militant pastors we find a German admiral—Dick by name—turning to the writing of prayers. According to the German papers this warrior has composed a new grace before meat—or shall we call it meat-ersatz?—as follows:

"Dear Lord, we pray Thee let a strong Germany arise again. Fill us with moral force, to work for the Fatherland. Give success to German work and grant that we regain our empire."

"O *que mutatio rerum!*
O what change of things!

Unpsychological

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: Such a pleasure to see P. P. A. removed from the editorial page! Long may he remain in some remote part of the paper! It is not that there are not often (I have no doubt) amusing things in his daily contribution, but the plan of too many of the newspapers—a plan that originated in Chicago—of having a whole silly joke column in the very middle of the most important page is unpsychological to the last degree. In The Tribune especially, to make it impossible for the eye to pass from the admirable editorials to the often admirable letters to the editor without being struck on the way by a whole column of mostly silly jokes is a misfortune. There is not too much sense in the discussion of the tremendously important questions that we are all forced to decide for ourselves in these critical times, and nothing should be done to interfere with the proper effect upon puzzled minds of The Tribune editorial page.

L. M. N.
New York, July 23, 1919.

Give It a Trial

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: "Farmer" says the "help quit by clock time." He carefully avoids the question which no other farmer has ever answered, namely, What is to prevent putting the help to work an hour later? Then, of course, they would quit at the same time they always did.

The trouble with almost all of these people is that they are unwilling in their life-long adherence to habit and custom to give the "daylight saving" scheme a fair and intelligent trial. BORN ON A FARM.
New Haven, Conn., July 25, 1919.

What Is Ability?

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: Your editorial on "Minds" (July 21) was much enjoyed. After reading it several business men readers of your paper started a discussion on "What Is Ability?" Ability in one man does not appear to be the same quality in another. The men referred to and myself would appreciate an editorial on "What Is Ability?"

W. W. HEIDELBAUGH.
Lancaster, Penn., July 23, 1919.

The Eternal Show

(From The Kansas City Star)
New Yorkers who are worried because prohibition is forcing the expensive "chow shows" out of business will subsidize. The shows may disappear, but the eats will remain, and there will be new millionaires each day to devour them, and a new millionaire attacking new things to eat is always a good show.

Still Safe

(From The St. Louis Republic)
Those who think that the arrival of the R-34 is sufficient to prove that the United States is in danger of an air invasion from Europe should reflect that about the first thing she did when she sighted the American shore was to wire the United States navy for help.

Poland's Job

(From The Pittsburgh Gazette-Times)
The Allies made Poland a nation, and now all she has to do is to lick the Germans, the Bolsheviks, the Ukrainians, the Lithuanians and the Czechs.

China Excepted

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: There seems to have been some avoidance of going into details, or perhaps only a general lack of information, concerning the industrial aspects of the Province of Shantung.

This promontory and province contains four important coal fields, several important iron deposits and an abundance of colliery labor. The German railroad concession covers the entire province and is an exclusive one. No other lines can be built to tap the coal or iron deposits. The mining concession covers the entire province and is also exclusive.

The province is the most densely populated portion of China. The struggle for mere existence is keen. Day wages are on the liberal basis of a "living wage," practically the equivalent of a handful of dry rice a day. Heretofore Japan has somewhat lacked coal and iron, but she is now supplied with what has been called "the cheapest coal and iron in the world." Their possession raises her from the position of a local power to that of a dominating Pacific power. It is said that there is an official report in a Washington department on the mineral resources of Shantung.

If the league of nations be adopted, and if it safely guarantees to all profound peace through an indefinite future, then one can but feel that the peaceful development of her arts and manufactures thus afforded Japan is matter of general gratification—the Chinese possibly excepted.

CHARLES STEWART DAVISON,
Chairman Board of Trustees, American, Defence Society.
New York, July 25, 1919.

"Montfaucon Blunder"

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Major R. S. Allen, of the 59th Coast Artillery, is certainly entitled to thanks and appreciation of his courage for uncovering the truth, so carefully hidden from the men whose sons and brothers were sent to an unnecessary slaughter by incompetent higher officers, not of the Guard or Plattysburg schools, either.

Will somebody from "over there" clear up the Montfaucon blunder and massacre? I have it in writing from an unimpeachable French general, a wearer of the Cross of Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor, who served in the first battle of the Marne at Verdun, that our infantry was sent to the attack at 3 p. m. at Montfaucon unassisted by tanks, heavy cannon or barrage.

The slaughter was terrific, but our unequalled soldier carried the day, paying by his blood for the correction of his superior's incapacity, lack of study and stupidity.

Who was the general? Was he called to account? What became of him?

Who from "over there" will give us the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, about what took place at Montfaucon, assaulted and captured by unprotected and unarmed "doughboys"?

MCOSKRY BUTT,
Brigadier General N. G. N. Y.
New York, July 25, 1919.

The Home of the Diamond

(From The San Antonio Express)
The United States is not especially important as a producer of precious stones, but it is regarded as the world's best market for some of them, notably the diamond. The United States Geological Survey has estimated that about half the diamonds in the world are owned in the United States, and that their value is more than \$1,000,000,000. This country's interest in diamonds would naturally lead it to exhaust every method of prospecting in an effort to discover diamond mines in the United States, but, while many diamonds have been found, no diamond field worth commercial development has been discovered.

The Public Loses Again

(From The Chicago Tribune)
Labor to-day is stealing old Vanderbilt's stuff.

Youth, Riding

(From The Century)
M Y MOUTH shall be red and my cheeks be red,
My hair shall be gold upon my head,
My laugh shall be new as the first laugh heard,
My heart shall be clear as a pool unstirred;
I shall never grow old and change,
I shall be all that is wild and strange;

All that sets the thought aglow
To have, to snatch, to glimpse, to go,
To hear, to snare, to make, to know,
I shall be what is beyond the white
Horizon's line, and what the night
Holds in its lips for the tired to hear.
I, who am youth, shall be always dear.
Those are slaves alone who choose,
We who wish may have life to use.

All that are old have need to fear.
They shall not cumber
And keep the earth for a place to slumber.
I am youth, and I come alone.
I will pull you from your throne,
I will pull you from your place,
You who are staid and calm of face.
I look within you and I see
Well you have need to shrink from me.
I am a rebel, and I ride
Wherever there are things to hide;
I pull them into the light and slay
All that is old and mean and gray.
I shall snatch, I shall seek,
I shall find, too, and shall destroy.
I am youth, I am youth,
I am joy.

Ruthless to myself and the weak,
Tireless to tear and build and seek,
I shall not shrink from a lonely land
Or grope with my hand for another hand
Or a staff to hold.
Like those who cower
And like those who are old.

Only my own heart I hear,
Only my own strength I heed,
I have no lack, I have no fear,
I have no need.
I shall yet kill evil, I
Who am youth and cannot die.

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

The Nature of Labor

(From The Villager)

LABOR can never take charge. Why? In numbers it includes nearly all of us; moreover, it has become educated; its conditions of life have been bettered; it has developed a class consciousness; its whole progress has been astounding. True, it never has been able to rule in the past, but, with all things changed, may it not be able in the future to rule? It would were it not that labor nature is still labor nature. And it is on this very point that the forward-looking materialists mislead; they do not see that, although the status of labor has been changed, its position remains as it was in the beginning and as it will be in the end.

Men who work with their hands cannot at the same time work with their heads; those who are mining coal and tending machines cannot direct the mine or the factory.

This is no new theory or prejudice; it was set down in shrewd analysis two thousand years ago—perhaps there has never been any better summing up of labor's limitation than that contained in Ecclesiasticus: "How can he get wisdom that holdeth the plough, and that glorieth in the goad, that driveth oxen and is occupied in their labors, and whose talk is of bullocks? He giveth his mind to make furrows; and is diligent to give the kine fodder."

So the carpenter and every workmaster, so the men who cut and grave seals, so the smith sitting by the anvil, "the noise of the hammer and the anvil is ever in his ears, and his eyes look still upon the pattern of the thing that he maketh;" so the potter, turning the wheel and cleaning the furnace—"all these trust to their hands, and every one is wise in his work." But, the son of Sirach shrewdly observes: "They shall not be sought for in public counsel, nor sit high in the congregation; they shall not sit on the judges' seat, nor understand the sentence of judgment; they cannot declare justice and judgment; and they

shall not be found where parables are spoken."

Ruskin thought that it was merely physically impossible that one class should do, or divide, the work of another. Sirach was wiser; the inhibition is not physical so much as mental: "he setteth his mind to finish his work."

Let any one test it for himself; let him dig up his vegetable garden or paint his garage door and think at the same time; as the physical movements become mechanical the mind runs into a kind of blank. Shakespeare might have dug Ophelia's grave with an actual shovel instead of with the blade of his fancy, but not one word of that noblest comedy scene would have come into his head whilst he was digging. Schiller might himself have cast a great bell, but he could not, as the molten metal flowed, have been busy with the sounding phrases of "Die Glocke."

The guest at Amerongen is denuding the forests thereabout; chopping no doubt gives him exercise, but more, it stops the processes of his thought, and that is, we imagine, a blessing toward which the late partner of God eagerly reaches.

Not only will labor's management fail industry, it will fail labor as well. Working days will be further shortened; wages will be further increased; old age and health pensions substituted for thrift, but will all this accomplish what the sentimentalists call putting joy into the job? Is the coal miner going to love his work more because of more things; is the street cleaner to sing all day like Pippa?

Even the romantic economists do not advance this claim; it is the consciousness of share in the management, say they, which will make labor free. If labor could manage, perhaps. But why go round the circle with this? If Adam had behaved himself there might not now be any problem of labor, but such was not Adam's nature. No, it is futile to try to make men love being laborers; they must love being men. There is no use in attempting to put joy into the job, the joy must come out of life.

The Bolshevik Serum

By Maxim Gorky

(Translated from an editorial in his Petrograd newspaper)

THINK of it! Our revolution is alleged to have been made either with Japanese or else with German money, and the counter revolution is supposed to be made with Cadet or else English money. Where, then, are our far-famed consciousness and idealism, our famous devotion to a cause? Where are all the legends about our faithful fighters for freedom? Where are the Don Quixoterie and all the beautiful qualities of the Russian people which have been celebrated by word of mouth and in writing, in song and in story? Is it possible that all these are a lie?

Stop and think, men. While you are accusing one another of all possible baseness you are at the same time accusing the entire nation.

I believe that I write simply and plainly enough and that no intelligent workmen will charge me with "treason to the cause of the proletariat." I consider the working class a powerful cultural factor in our dark peasant country, and I wish the Russian workmen with all my heart full development along moral and physical lines. I have said more than once that industry is one of the most important bases of our culture; that in the development of industry lie the salvation of our country and its lifting up to European standards. I have repeatedly argued that the factory worker is not alone a physical but a spiritual asset; that he is not an instrument of somebody else's will, but a human being, possessing his own will. The city worker is less dependent upon the elements of nature than the peasant. What the peasant produces he either consumes or sells; his energy returns to earth, as it were. What the workman produces remains upon earth and adorns nature's handiwork; it puts nature at the disposal of men.

Upon this difference in activities rests the great difference in the psychology between the peasant and the worker, and I consider the class-conscious workman as the aristocrat within the democratic movement.

Aristocracy within the democracy—such is the position of the workman in our peasant country, and thus the workman must conceive his position. Unfortunately, however, he does not yet have this conception of himself.

It must be clear to every one that I appraise highly the importance of the working class for the cultural development of Russia, and I have no reason to change this viewpoint. Besides, I love the workman; I have in common the bond of blood with him. I love and respect his work. Finally, I also love my Russia.

The people's commissaries laugh at these words, but that does not change things. Yes, I love my Russia with a love that is painful and protecting. . . . I love my people.

We Russians are a people that have never worked as freemen. The Russian people has not had the opportunity to develop all its powers and abilities. When I think that the revolution has in it the possibilities to give Russia a chance at free labor and at untrammeled development my heart swells with hope and joy even in these days of blood and wine debauches.

Right here, however, begins the line of decisive and irreconcilable difference between myself and the insane activities of the people's commissaries.

I believe that the ideal Maximilianism is quite useful for the uncontrollable Russian soul. It can wake in her the long needed activity and stir great desires. It can put life into this withered Russian soul, shape it and develop initiative in it.

But the practical Maximilianism, the anarcho-communism of the visionaries at the Smolny Institute, is destructive to the country, and especially to the working class. The people's commissaries look upon Russia as material for experiments. The Russian people to them is like the horse which the learned bacteriologist inoculates with typhus bacilli in order to obtain from its blood the curative serum.

The reformers of the Smolny Institute are calmly sacrificing Russia to their fantasy

not concerned with Russia. They are of a world revolution, or at least a European revolution.

Under present conditions of life in Russia a genuine revolution is unthinkable. You cannot change the 85 per cent of Russia's peasant population, with its ten million foreign speaking nomads, into Socialists overnight.

The working class more than any other class of our population will have to bear the brunt of this insane experiment. The working class is the advance guard of the revolution, and in a civil war it will be the working class which will be sent into the first. When the working class of Russia is thus killed off the best forces of hope for the country are destroyed.

I am quite indifferent as to what epithets will be applied to me for my attitude to the "government" of the experimenting visionaries, but I am not indifferent to the faith of the Russian working class.

As long as I am able I will repeat to the Russian working class:
"You are being led to destruction. You are being used as material for an inhuman experiment. In the eyes of your leaders you still are not human!"

But There Was No Peace

(From The Manchester Guardian)

Xenophon was, I suppose, writes a correspondent, the real father of the league of nations. At least, in a report on the Attican budget, he formulates a wish that war might be suppressed and proposes to his colleagues the creation of a Ministry of Peace. Generally speaking, of course, the ancients regarded war as an inevitable evil, so that his action was all the more remarkable. Other ancients seem to have had plimmering that peace might be a good thing. A third century historian, Vopiscus, utters the following cry of joy: "Now that the Emperor Probus has conquered the barbarians, there will never be any more war!" We seem only lately to have heard something of the kind in Europe. With the truth of God we come to the end of peace conceptions in general, and until the eighteenth century only the moralists, such, for instance, as Bossuet, seem really to deplore war. It is possible that the prophets who are always declaring that war is inevitable have something to do with its coming, and for them might be recommended a passage of Diodorus: "In India at the beginning of each year philosophers assemble and predict droughts, rains, plagues and anything that concerns the people. If they are wrong in their prophecies they are condemned to remain dumb all the rest of their lives!"

All Concrete

(From The Manchester Guardian)

From the peace conference it turns out that nobody very much wants the island of Helgoland. If left to itself Helgoland will in course of time disappear. The sea is rapidly eating it up, and under the German occupation its existence on the map has been largely preserved by the construction of more and more sea works and sea walls. These facts were duly brought up at the peace conference. When they had been thoroughly explained a silence fell upon the assembly, which was due partly to deliberation and partly to boredom. It was broken at last by some innocent person who, merely to keep the wheels of discussion proceeding and meaning no harm, asked whether any one had any concrete proposal to make: "I thought you said," said Mr. Lloyd George, "that it was all concrete."

A Note of Gratitude

(From The Columbia (S. C.) Record)

If the Kaiser is exiled to Java, as suggested, to relieve the Dutch from the embarrassment of extradition, we'll confine our drinking thereafter to Mocha pure and undiluted.

Books

By Heywood Brown

"THE MOON AND SIXPENCE"

(Doran Company), by W. Somerset

Maugham, seems to us almost a great book. At any rate, it is the most absorbing story we have read in a year. Knowing Maugham previously entirely from his plays, we thought of him as a facile twaddler in mildly satiric romance. "Our Betters," which departed from this mood, was a shilling shocker of high society life not much above the standard of the *Hattons*. But "The Moon and Sixpence" is not only brilliantly written but also goes upstream against the conventional current of Anglo-Saxon fiction. All our romanticists and most of our realists have found common ground in urging the belief that sex is the one great driving force of the world. We have been told again and again that men write books, or win battles, or explore dark continents, or swear off drinking for the love of women.

The romanticist may insist that this force be called love and the realist suggest "sexual desire" as a substitute, but their difference in viewpoint is partly one of terminology. Maugham in his new book opens an exception and